

MEDITATIONS  
OR  
Quiescent Preparations for  
AND  
Considerations of  
DEATH  
ETERNITY

Began July 19. 1676.

By Philip Pryn: Who last January  
Shipwreck, was drowned.

Job 10. 23. For I know that thou wilt kill me: & to  
death, and to the land appointed for all living.  
Psalm. 124. 1. Remember how thy Wrath is kindled  
of thy youth, &c.

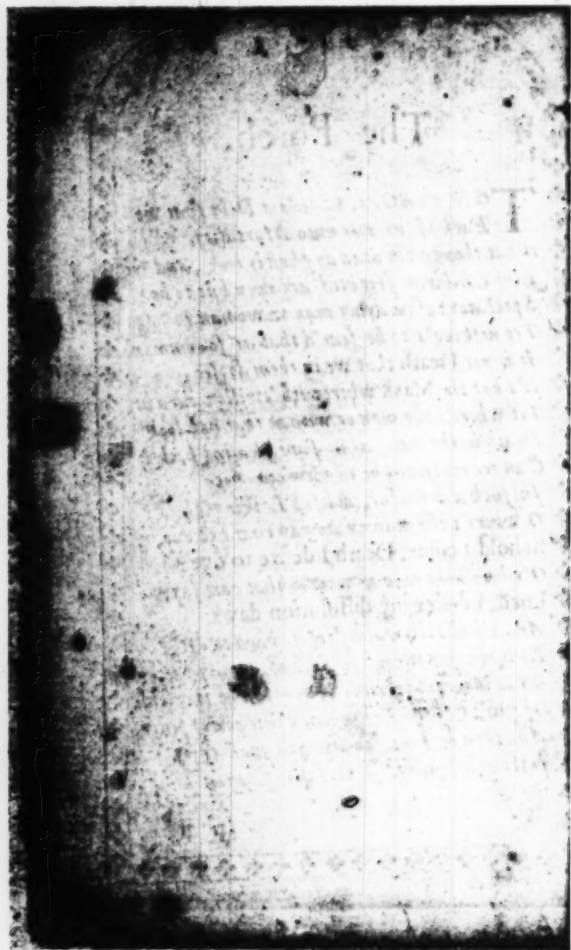
CAMBRIDGE:

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## The Poem

**T**O live's a Gift, to die's a Duty,  
Each of us owes both to God and Man,  
What though the doom is dreadful,  
Like Children, we must learn to die,  
Spectators of a great mystery,  
Yet nothing's to be fear'd, for  
It is our Death that sets us free,  
It's but the Mist that hides the Sun,  
Yet where's the man or woman that can  
Death in the face, as in your hand,  
Can we contented be to see our  
In such a dreadful, dark, and lonely place,  
O where's the man or woman that can  
Behold I come, Death I desire no more,  
O where's the man or woman that can  
Lord, I desire my dissolution,  
And what's the reason, is it  
To leave this world so full of sin,  
What makes it terrible I may be sure  
Of guilt & sin break down the power,  
And then be sure, for aye, you shall  
Joyes everlasting, Everlasting



*Meditat. 1.*  
**G**reat God, how short a time, each minute  
He is but dust, and that his Vessel leaks.  
Each moment of my momentary time,  
Does plainly tell me 'tis not mine, but Thine.  
He gives me time to live, and verily  
Ere long I shall have likewise time to dye.

*Meditat. 2.*  
After the time of Life is ended, then  
Oh there's *Another Time* for sons of men;  
A great *ETERNITY* will surely come,  
Of blessed Happineſs, or curſed Doom.  
Lord, grant I may be one of thoſe that may  
Enjoy the firſt with thee another day.

*Meditat. 3.*  
Down to the grave I muſt ere long deſcend,  
Leave all my friends behinde; thither I bend  
And ſteer my wearied Courſe unto that Port,  
To which all ſorts of Nations do reſort.  
When I caſt Anchor, grant, O Lord, that I  
May ſafely ride where Chriſt himſelf did lye.

*Meditat. 4.*  
This World a Sea of trouble is, and Man  
Is ſwimming through this vaſt wide Ocean.  
The Billows beat, the Waves are angry, and  
Tis ſeldome that he ſees a helping hand  
To buoy his head up. O great God, let me  
Be kept from ſinking into miſery.

*This day is paſt; but tell me, who can ſay  
That I ſhall ſurely live another day.*

...but once, why should I fear?

I hear no sound, 'tis all to hear,

...but once, why should I fear?

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...but once, why should I fear?

I think every day thy last, and ready be;  
And so to uncertain hour, shall welcome be.

Man's life is like a Rose, that soon begins to fade;  
Begins to blossom, fragrance fades as it decays;  
Within a day or two, behold Death's foot,  
A publick Messenger of discontent.  
Lord, grant that when my Rose begins to fade,  
I may behold an Everlasting Shade.

*Mediat. 10.*

Alas, what is the world? a Sea of Glass;  
Alas, what's Earth? it's but an Hower-glass;  
The Sea dissolves; the Glass is quickly run;  
Behold, with speed man's Life is quickly done.  
Let me so swim in this Sea, that I may  
With thee live happy in another day.

*Mediat. 11.*

Had I as many dayes to live, as I  
See drops are in the sea, yet I must die;  
Each day a drop; would carry away a day,  
And so my life would swiftly pass away.  
Jehovah great, humbly I thee beseech  
The number of my dayes me for to teach.

*Mediat. 12.*

I every day do see that here below  
Is nothing permanent, away they go;  
Friends, and Relations, every thing that I  
Do cast mine eyes upon, is Vanity.  
Give me a portion then even in that place,  
Where still I may behold thy blessed face.

*I now lye down to rest, but do not know  
Where by the morning God will me bestow.*

13.  
Great security possesses some,  
Who think that Death's asleep, or cannot come?  
Wretched are such Souls, who think  
To live even as they list, of sin to drink  
Wide seas and rivers? when alas they see  
Nor their approaching damning destiny.

*Meditat. 14.*  
Time is short, says Paul: it's short indeed;  
Swift as Eagles wings, and fleet with speed  
It flies from us: how should we improve  
This short time, that does so swiftly move.  
I be not prodigal of Time,  
'Tis thine that I do use, not mine.

*Meditat. 15.*  
The living they praise thee not;  
The blessed praises every day.  
I have no remembrance of thee,  
Nor can I that place forgetful bee.  
Lord, give that I may praise thee, whiles that I  
Have time to live; and summon'd not to die.

*Meditat. 16.*  
The misery of man is great on him,  
Because his time he knows not; 'tis his sin,  
And nothing else, that thus hath man undone,  
And makes this Race of Life painful to run.  
Lord, give me knowledge of my time, that so  
I may be here before I go.

*One day of grace more here I have enjoy'd;  
It's Gods great mercy I am not destroy'd;  
That greatly have provok'd him —*



*Meditat. 17.*

Whilst in this world I live, some hopes have I,  
That I shall reign in Heaven eternally;  
But when my time is past, and I am gone,  
There's no hope left for me to build upon.  
Lord, grant me full assurance whilst that I  
Am here, so willing I shall be to dye.

*Meditat. 18.*

We are but babes of yesterday, and we  
Are sons and daughters of Mortalitie;  
From dust we came, to dust we must again,  
And to the grave with speed we fly again.  
Lord, let the thoughts of Death possess my heart,  
That so Thee and my Soul may never part.

*Meditat. 19.*

How brutish, Oh how senseless are all those,  
Who to the world do so themselves dispose,  
As if there were no God to serve, no Death  
That's coming to deprive them of their breath.  
Lord, help me so to live, that I may bee  
Never forgetful of my Death or Thee.

*Meditat. 20.*

How loth, how backward are we all to leave  
This transitory World? Let Death bereave  
Us of those Mundane things, yet if we still  
Resolve to live and die to Christ, what ill  
Can happen to us? Lord, before I die  
Let me a better Kingdome farre espy.

*As the great God still adds unto my dayes,  
It's but new matter for me him to praise.*

B

How

...and gone  
...The one will be  
...I may be  
...of Hermitage

...that drop, that from on high  
...Oh why?  
...Monality?  
...God we have  
...to the grave

...and the Off man must  
...to the grave  
...from hence do go?

...14.  
...and he  
...a debauched mortal  
...that below we have  
...all are gone  
...Companion.

...God mercy shows to me,  
...heap of Mortalities.

Alas

Alas poor Death, how soon thou dost come,  
'Tis true, 'Tis true, Mortal,  
I tell thee, If I dye, thou shalt come,  
The way thou dost, thou shalt come,  
By death I live, I shall, I shall,  
And then thou shalt see, thou shalt see, thou shalt see.

Alas, what's sorrow, what's pain,  
The Christian's portion, 'Tis true, 'Tis true,  
He's the Man of Sorrows, he's the Man,  
Of all the men on earth, he's the Man,  
Christ left his Grave clothes, that we might when grief  
Draws tears, as blood, not want an Handkerchief.

Is Death so formidable? Can the Chalice  
Of one poor day change our Face, Countenance?  
Is there so much in Death, that we should be  
Like Children frighted of our Father?  
Of Heaven give me assurance (Lord) and I  
Shall ne're believe Death looks so dreadfully.

Could I in greatness here surmount the King,  
Or yet in glory could the Sun out-vie,  
Could I be more than any man that lives,  
Great, Fair, Rich, Wise, all in Superlatives,  
Yet if I were still Mortal, there would be  
A debt still to be paid to death by me.

Lord, when thou shalt me more bound to love,  
So with it, Oh do thou thy grace me give.

*Meditat. 29.*

How mutable is every thing that here,  
Below we do enjoy? with how much fear  
And trouble are those gilded Vanities  
Attended, that do captivate our eyes?  
Oh, who would sell that World, or prize what's in it,  
That gives, and takes, and changes in a minute?

*Meditat. 30.*

Sure every soul in this world hath its day  
Of grace, and if he will improve it, may.  
The time will come when it shall have an end,  
Ev'n when we must unto the grave descend.  
Lord, help me now to know the things that do  
Belong unto my peace, and them pursue.

*Meditat. 31.*

We have no License from our God to waste  
One day, one hour, one moment, that do haste  
So swiftly from us in our sinful pleasures,  
But rather to lay up for lasting treasures.  
Lord, spare me yet a little, that I may  
Prepare for Death, and for the Judgement-day.

*Meditat. 32.*

The damned now in Hell, that there do ly  
In endless flames, that howl, and weep, and cry  
For anguish great, this is their deepest Crime,  
Heart-vexing trouble, *Oh Misuse of Time!*  
Oh who would rush into those flames of Fire,  
That of mis-spending time they may enquire?

Lord, let thy Terrors every day cause me  
To prepare for my end, and ready be.

Our

*Meditat. 32.*

Our Saviour he ascended up so high  
And led Death conquered in captivity:  
The Grave is sweetned by him; why should we  
Be loth to share in this his Victorie?

Lord, as death thou hast overcome,  
Conquer my sins ere I from hence do go.

*Meditat. 34.*

By Faith the Christinn acts, whilst here beneath  
He lives, till death his Faith and Life bereave;  
But when this life is ended, he enjoys  
The things that he believ'd, Eternal Joyes.

Lord, grant that I may here by Faith foresee  
A glorious Mansion prepar'd for me.

*Meditat. 35.*

These Arms, these Hands, this Face, they ere long must  
Decay, consume, and moulder into dust;  
The time will be, when time shall be no more  
Upon this earth, as it hath heretofore.

Great God, then grant that I may serious be  
In and about things of Eternitie.

*Meditat. 36.*

I've often heard that such a Friend is dead,  
And that another layes his weary head  
Down in the grave; yet this no news to me,  
Whilst I live here in sin and vanitie.

Lord, help me now to think the time will come  
For me, as well as those that now are gone.

*As strong, as young as now I am, yet dead  
I be for certain buried in the dust.*

*Medias. 37.*

Our days, our time, appointed are by God,  
And beyond that we may not have shade  
Here on this sinful earth; the day draws nigh  
When every one shall have a time to die.

Lord, as the time does from me pass away,  
Grant me thy grace whilst in the world I stay.

*Medias. 38.*

Frail Mortals pass with speed, after those things  
Which at the last brought ease but sorrow bring;  
Mark death, not of a great remedy  
That's drawing on apace.

Lord, grant that I  
May whilst I live have pursuit with might and main,  
Those things that will bring everlasting gain.

*Medias. 39.*

All Creatures in their kind, and forth the praise  
Of their best Maker; yea, the glorious Rayes  
Of his great Majesty stretcheth on  
The least of all the Works of Creation.

But Lord, men by his sin dishonour thee,  
Who art the God of Immortality.

*Medias. 40.*

Whilst we are here below, we act and move,  
And this and that we seek for to improve;

The time will come when that our places shall  
Not know us; we shall be no more at all.

Lord, grant that I may those great things improve,  
That are brought down to earth from heaven above.

Give me an interest in thy Son, and then  
Though I dye he's so much I'll live again.

Now

*Meditat. 41.*

How eagerly doth vain man here pursue  
These Worldly things, when his dayes are so few?  
His time is short, it's short, yes *short indeed,*  
That flies so swiftly from him, with such speed.

Lord, help me to consider that I must  
Not here live alwayes, but return to dust.

*Meditat. 42.*

How precious! Oh how precious is our Time?  
Sure to mis-spend it is a sinful Crime.  
This Pearl being lost, is never to be found  
Again, though all the world our cries resound.

O thou that art the God of Ages, give  
Me that grace, for to know what's in to live.

*Meditat. 43.*

What are our dayes unto Eternity?  
Our present joyes, to future misery?  
What is there in this World that stable is?  
What's all that's here below, to lasting bliss?

Jehovah help me here, that so I may  
Enjoy eternall bliss another day.

*Meditat. 44.*

ETERNITY! O Soul-amazing thought,  
That never to my senses yet was brought  
Rightly to understand it. O the height,  
The breadth, the length, the depth of what I sleight!  
Help, Son of David, mercy on me have;  
This is a coming, I must to the grave.

---

*I now repose my weary head upon  
My Pillow, but I shall be shortly gone.*

Go is

*Meditat. 44.*

Gods mercy unto man is great, who gives  
Unto him life, 'tis enough that he lives;  
God might have justly took out lives from us  
Long afore this; Death following the Curse,  
Lord, grant the Curse may be remov'd from me,  
The grave then (Lord) will smell no st fragranties

*Meditat. 45.*

Long life a mercy is to good and bad,  
And makes the hearts of most men very glad;  
Yet the true Child of God desireth home,  
Unto his Fathers house for to be gone.  
Lord, when thou shalt fit, wert grace in me,  
That I may so in Heaven desire to be.

*Meditat. 47.*

Adam was plac'd unto his hearts desire  
In Paradise, untill he did aspire  
To storm the Heavens; whence Death did assume  
His Title, King of Terrors, to consume  
Frail flesh, and in a moment make it fly  
From Earth to Heaven, from hence t' Eternity.

*Meditat. 48.*

No sooner did we change our Mothers Womb  
For this frail World, but by and by a Tomb  
Prepared is, and Mourners they attend  
To lead us softly to our Journeys end,  
Lord, grant that when my Change comes, I may bee  
Then fit t' enjoy Communion with thee.

*Death is a Lot is common unto all,  
And when W<sup>e</sup> are gone, Friends cannot see recall.*

*Ed*



*Meditat. 49.*

In Heaven are eternal joyes; and sure  
In that place there are Remedies to cure  
Our here Sin-sick'ned Souls: but Oh shall I  
Be made a Patient of this Remedy?  
Lord, I believe a Heaven there is; but this  
The Question is, Shall I enjoy that blis?

*Meditat. 50.*

In Hell are Torments, Torments without end;  
And them I must endure, if that no friend  
I have of Jesus. O my Soul, must I  
Go from PAIN here, to Pain eternally?  
I know there is a Hell: Lord, grant that I  
May go from Earth to Heaven when I die.

*Meditat. 51.*

My Soul tell me, Are there not many that  
Do wish for Heaven, and yet miss the Gate?  
How many do (with Balaam) wish that they  
May depart like a Saint at dying day?  
Lord, let me to be like them here desire,  
Upon this earth, as when they do expire.

*Meditat. 52.*

How many are there that may take their harps  
And hang upon the Willows; mournful hearts  
Would best become such as must go from hence,  
And then in Hell have lasting residence.  
O Lord, how little do I think on this,  
That I may be one that may miss of Blis?

*I am (I see) still Mercies Monument;  
For more, one day is still unto me lent:*

C

How

*Meditat. 53.*  
How often should we think of this, that we  
Must ere long yield to Death's supremacy?  
The time ere long will come, when we shall be  
No more; and shortly we no time shall see.  
O that I might be then prepar'd for this  
So great a Change, and be receiv'd to bliss.

*Meditat. 54.*  
The sons of men are prone to forget Death,  
And put it farre away from them, till breath  
Begins to tell them they must to the grave;  
And then, Oh what would they give but to have  
One year of respite? Help me, Lord, to know  
As I move here, so my time moves also.

*Meditat. 55.*  
Whilst we live here, we have the blessed voice  
Of God by Ministers, the blessed noise  
And sound of *Angels* Bells; the time will be  
When we no more of this shall hear or see.  
Help, Lord, that I may then improve the same  
Unto the praise and glory of thy Name.

*Meditat. 56.*  
The time will be, when we shall be *No more*:  
Where will the World be then? 'Twill be *No more*.  
Where will our Comforts be? They'll be *No more*.  
Where will our Friends be then? They'll be *No more*.  
Lord, grant me then thy grace, lest that *No more*  
Do seize upon me, and I be *No more*.

No More! O solemn sound! This night I may  
Be struck by Death, and never see the day.

How

*Meditat. 77.*

How tremblingly do creatures here appear  
Before an earthly Judge? what dreadful fear  
Does seize upon them at the Barre of him,  
Who likewise must arraigne & be for sin?

Lord, grant me here thy grace and so may I  
With joy at last behold thy Majesty.

*Meditat. 78.*

The day of death's a coming; after that  
A day of Judgement will discriminate,  
And put a difference 'twixt the Saints and those  
Who do Gods Wayes and Precepts here oppose.

Lord, let me be prepared for that day,  
That so with joy (Lord) thee behold I may.

*Meditat. 79.*

The hand of death strikes sure, there's nothing can  
Obstruct, or hinder it; and every man,  
Whether he will or no, must know that he  
Must into dust most surely turned be.

O how should I prepare for this, since 'tis  
So sure and certain which I cannot miss?

*Meditat. 80.*

Death is a surly Sergeant, no respect  
Hath he to persons, does their tears reject;  
No bribe will blind his eyes, away we must,  
If he but call, we return to the dust.

Lord, grant that I may death behold with joy,  
And to my soul let it bring no annoy.

*Each minute gives my time a shorter time:  
Not to prepare for Death is a sad crime.*

C 2

There

*Meditat. 61.*

There's nothing that I do, or act, but says  
That I am Mortal with an Emphasis.  
Each day speaks to me, and gives me to know,  
That I ere it be long away must go.

Let me an interest have in Christ, and I  
Shall over Death triumph with victory.

*Meditat. 62.*

How is it that I am so careless here,  
And never mind how I my Course do steer  
For an Eternal Port? and never think  
That at the last my leaky Ship will sink?

Lord, guard me from those Pirates that would catch  
My Soul, do thou (Lord) be their over-match.

*Meditat. 63.*

Lord, what's the reason I'm so loth to hear  
Of the great day of Death? what means this fear,  
That at the thoughts of death o're-spreads me, and  
Prompts me to give a willing Countermand?

Jesus, 'tis so be fear'd I never stood.

'Tis one that's interested in thy Blood.

*Meditat. 64.*

What makes the Saints on earth desire to be  
Dissolved, and that blessed day to see?  
What makes them whilst they're here below to groan  
Against this body of Corruption?

Lord, they know that when they from hence do go,  
On them a glorious Kingdome thou'lt bestow.

---

Lord, if my Soul this night away thou take,  
Let me by morning then in Heav'n awake.

F I N I S.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE  
READER.

**T** Is not to *show the Author's Wit, but Grace,*  
That these few Poems are expos'd to view;  
In which thou may'st behold, *Thou'st* flow'ry face  
Set toward *Heaven*, seeking things most true:  
Contemning worldly Vain's, but *prizing high*  
A place it's *Mansions* of Eternity's

Here was hours spent indeed! and yet not spent;  
Time thus improv'd, is to Redeem the time.  
For Youth, Death's company thus so frequent,  
(As if a dweller in his shady Clime)  
Does prove a thing so rare, so seldom known,  
That scarce Old Age can call this all its own.

By hourly meditating on the Grave,  
He came acquainted with that darksome Cell;  
Knew that *from going thither none could save,*  
(We on the Brink of Machpelah do dwell)  
Therefore prepar'd with *sedulous desire*  
To take his Bed there, when he should expire.

And

And though our Saviour with his Odours sweet  
To the Faithful is perfume'd; yet there  
They can't abide for ay: away must flee  
To Judgement, when the Great Judge shall appear.  
This is't be thought upon: This, this should be  
Our standing thought, when all thoughts else do flee.

Of Hell he's not forgetful; but with dread  
And trembling shinks & speaks thereof: doth give  
Warning to living ones, they should not plead  
For Sin, which brings a Hell without reprieve:  
Exorts to Prayer, Repentance, and to stay  
By Faith on Christ for Life which lasts for ay.

But his most sweetest Contemplation  
Takes wing below, and up to Heaven doth soare:  
That's matter for deep Meditation,  
Whose Pleasures do abide for evermore,  
Which neither Eye e're saw, Ear heard, nor can  
Enter into the Heart of any man.

For the Example of this Pilot young,  
(As he's ill'd in Spiritual Sailing) thee inform  
To steer thy Course through such a Sea along  
To this fair Haven, (fear not Wind nor Storm)  
Till thou arrivest with him, in whom did dwell  
Some good thing toward the God of Israh.

